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tle, she refused to let her heart believe that it could be so, and rising to her knees, clasped her hands together, and prayed, while the big, round, scalding tears ran down her cheeks.

"Oh, William, William, dear William, say that it is not so; let me bless you as my own guiltless husband afore I die; let me pray for you as the lover I once knew, who was innocent as the lamb, an' not as the blood-stained murderer ov his own father. Oh, William! oh, my young heart's furst choice, listen to me, an' contradict yer cruel, cruel words: say id—whisper id—brathe id—an' I'll bless that God who looks down on us, an' sees that I'll not live long in happiness or misery!"

He stood for a second without motion, and then essayed to answer, but a single word uttered would have choked him; and a noise being heard outside—'twas but the wind sighing through the trees—(but the heart of the guilty is always fearful) he gasped forth a sob that, more than words, confirmed all she had imagined; and straining his sleeping child to his bosom, laid it again beside its paralyzed mother, and rushed from the cabin with a haste and fury as if legions of enemies were at his heels. On his sudden departure Mary did not shriek or cry, but without seeming power to uphold her weak frame, fell on her face on the bed, and twined her arms round the crying child, shivering and sobbing with the deepest agony of mind.

The following morning the whole neighbourhood was in consternation. The body of old Hunter was found where his son had left it, for the footsteps which scared him away were passing in an opposite direction; and on the suspicions of the neighbours being aroused, in consequence of William's stepmother giving an account of his phrenzied manner the night previous, they went in a body to his cabin on the mountain.

The sight which there presented itself was fearful, and affecting in the extreme. Mary, the once beautiful and laughing Mary, was a cold, stiff corse. During the night she had died; for the agonies she endured were too much for her already worn and exhausted frame, and her eyes were open, but glazed, and her lank thin jaw dropped, and both hands clasped tightly on her shrunk bosom. Her child was playing with the long masses of her once lovely golden hair, and calling on her in tones of infantine endearment to awake. Tears filled the eyes of all present.

'Tis needless to dwell too long on scenes of agony such as these, but yet there is a lesson to be gained in all; for, alas! the harshness of parents too often drives their children to crime and misery, that they otherwise never would have encountered, and vice is inculcated, and even infamy takes root in hearts that before but knew of their existence, as dangers to be shunned, and quicksands to be avoided. Parents reflect on this, and recollect that human nature is frail, and do not dare to elect yourselves as judges over faults to which all mankind are naturally prone and inclined.

Mary was interred in the village burial ground, and her father-in-law was laid by her side, while some compassionate neighbour took charge of the child, who died before he could prove his gratitude. William for a long time evaded pursuit, but at length, not being able to endure the pangs of remorse, he gave himself up, confessed the murder, and was executed.

DENIS O'DONORO.

ASTHMATIC MIXTURE.

Ether tincture of bladder-podded lobelia half an ounce, camphorated julep six ounces. Mix.—Two tablespoonfuls to be taken two or three times a day for chronic difficulty of breathing, and spasmodic asthma.

For spasmodic asthma, particularly when attended with flatulence, oppression of the chest, and increased susceptibility of the nervous system, this is a most valuable mixture, the first dose generally affording immediate relief.

He is more fool than wit who will offend,
For sake of jest, the man who was his friend;
In such a case we by experience know,
To lose a friend is to create a foe.

TABO.

STANZAS.

"All that's bright must fade."

As gladly I woke from my morning dreams,
With pleasure I gazed on the sun's warm beams,
While light on the world beneath him threw,
As he smiled from his palace of azure hue.

But evening came with its misty shade,
And I marked the sun in his glory fade;
With pleasure I gazed at meridian hour,
On the glowing tints of the rosy flower.

Its blossoms, like joy, looked happy and gay,
And its leaves, like hope, smiled verdantly;
But evening came with its dusky shade,
And I marked the floweret's beauty fade.

I saw the poet's raptured eye,
And I thought that its light could never die;
I saw the youthful maiden's bloom,
And I thought not of the withering tomb.

But the fire of the bard and the bloom of the maid,
Like the sun and the floweret grew cold and decayed
And they who prize each earthly thing,
Like me will find them withering.

The hearts round which you cling to-day,
Ere morning's noon will turn to clay;
This world and all on earth were made
To perish, sink, decay, and fade.

THE RETURNING EXILE'S SONG.

Once more, dear land, I see thee
In evening's silent hour,
And a feeling cometh o'er me,
As with a magic power;
For I think since last I saw thee,
When I left thee for the wave,
How many who have loved me
Are cold within the grave.

Thy sons are still as mighty,
Thy children still as brave,
And the thunder of thy high ones
Still peals along the wave;
But the blackening pall of sorrow
Hath o'er our hearts been spread,
And from every tone we borrow
Some relic of the dead.

Thy fields are still the same,
Thy shore is still as bright,
And the terror of thy name
Hath still its wonted might;
But ah! how lorn and cheerless
Our sad and gloomy lot—
The loved—the young—the fearless,
Are not!—alas!—are not.

Yet, though the valued faces,
The eyes of beaming light,
Have left their vacant places,
And are gone from mortal sight;
Yet every fairy woodland,
And every old oak tree,
And every smiling hedge-row,
Hath charms for memory.

Still graceful are thy daughters,
In innocence and youth,
And still is all untarnish'd,
The glory of thy truth;
And tho' remembrance weepeth,
Yet still I can but smile,
When I think on all thy virtues,
My own—my own green isle.

DUBLIN:

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